

# That Was the ROMANCE,

## This Is the REALITY, Battle To-day in Greece by ---a Fact. STEPHEN CRANE.

and quiet blue. In the radiantly bright atmosphere of  
noon among the hills were puzzling in the extreme. The  
set that after all his eye was accustomed to using a tree  
at here there were no trees. The great, bold hills were  
indeed one which we would understand as being Biblical.  
necessary to it. Furthermore, the rocks were gray, save  
king ores appeared on their rough surfaces.

away, curving sinuously because of the grades. A trail for  
count of these grades, and cut a way over the ridge far  
in the distance lay the town of Volo. It is in two parts.  
istrict, lies flat on the water's edge, while another por-  
to have another name, and is fastened to the side of an  
ase appears above tiny house, and streets can be seen  
mountain side is so steep that the entire town there  
ed at a lithograph. One can only dream of the view  
e obtained, and of the soft splendor of the fall of eve-  
at night seem like stars to the people on the plain and to  
fany wealthy Athenians once preferred to spend there the

oad, glaring yellow band in the Oriental sunshine, but no  
morning, because there were no cars, no old crazy car-  
a herd of donkeys. The road led to Velesino, and since  
here had been curv-us sounds from there—the rolling boom  
dry crackle of infantry fire, which grew more hot and  
came stronger. On the quay at Volo, five miles away,  
se of people, fugitives mainly, but the harbor contained

Velesino there appeared the figure of a man. He came  
less steadiness. A great piece of white linen was  
and finally tied at the top of his head in a great knot,  
as she remedies her boy's toothache. The man had a  
it during his slow walk. He was in the uniform of the  
es were very dusty, so dusty that the little regimental  
d hardly be seen.

er circumstance one could have sworn that the man had great smears  
on his face. It was blood; it had to be blood, but then it was weirdly  
It was dry, but it had dried crimson and brilliant. In fact, the hue  
was so unexpected in its luridness that one first had to gaze at this  
astonishment. He had been shot in the head and bandaged, evidently,  
bility of the nearest comrade. Now as he went slowly along two  
use of the observer—first, the terrible red of the man's face,  
lity of flame as it appears in old pictures, and second, this  
the linen at the top of the head which simply emphasized  
England and the mumps. As he reached the top of the  
is vision. His calm, patient glance swept over it. To the  
id no evident regard. He was hurt, and he had known  
Volo to have the thing become almost an instinct with him  
was going to Volo. Even as he plodded across the  
her wounded rolled down the valley. It had started a  
ted, and it would be at Volo much sooner, but one can,  
did not wait for it at Velesino. A rabbit, when it is  
ain; it crawls away immediately into the bushes. And so

se old,  
ne noise of the battle; the roar and rumble of an enormous fac-  
product. This was the product, not so well finished as some, but  
he plan of the machine. This wounded soldier explained the  
ed it. This—this and worse—was what was going on. Tols  
of all that racket. Gazing at this soldier, with his awful  
it for the die,  
use upon the inexpressible and vast crime of by some chance  
er's to this man. There was a dignity in his condition, a  
mity. It was of a kind that would have made marshals step  
og's levee. Five miles of hot road was still between him and  
readily on and became a dim and dimming figure.

of this wing of the Greek army was on a plain. In fact, this plain  
ight flank and extended to the rear of the centre. Afterward it  
lley and passed on behind the left flank. The railroad came out  
Larissa across this plain, and a junction was formed at Velesino  
which went to Pharsala, where lay the Crown Prince with the  
larger part of the Greek army. The Velesino portion of the army was primarily

covering the railroad, because the railroad, besides being a railroad, and useful  
therefore in many military ways, was the connection between Volo, the base of sup-  
plies, and the troops at Pharsala.

Dust arose from the road on the plain where a cavalryman, his dark green uni-  
form gray from the dust, his slanted carbine bobbing on his back, was galloping  
somewhere with orders. Long thick lines of troops were to be seen. They faced  
various ways, but mainly toward that part of the plain which extended in the direc-  
tion of Larissa. There were trenches along the railroad track turned up in rich new  
earth. Many men in the blue of Greece lay in them. Some were asleep, sprawled  
cut on their backs. Some were eating hard tack, cutting it with their knives, with  
great difficulty holding the bread and paring away as a cobbler does with a shoe.  
One strolled off with a great number of canteens. A large group was listening to  
some one's news from the fighting front. Most of the infantry officers had gone to  
chat with the officers of a mountain battery, which was in the rear of the other  
line. The guns sat each in its own little tarras shaped intrenchment. They were  
tilted, with an air of having been knocked under the chin and told to hold their heads  
up. One officer said something rather good, perhaps, and they all laughed appre-  
ciatively, but carelessly, their legs wide apart, their caps set rakishly, like a lot of  
peacefully garrisoned hussars after evening parade. And yet from the hills on the  
left of their line the guns were roaring and the infantry fire was rattling, and rattling,  
in spasms, light, heavy, heavy, light, describing all the moods of the battle that  
was raging there. People imagine battle to be one long muscular contortion, with a

*"Continually there was in the air a noise as if some one had  
thrown an empty beer bottle with marvellous speed at you. This  
booting and whistling of some of the shells was like nothing if  
not like the flight of an empty beer bottle."*



*"On the long road from Velesino there appeared the figure of a man. He came slowly, and with a certain patient steadiness. A great piece of white linen was wound around under his jaw, and finally tied at the top of his head in a great knot, like the one grandma ties when she remedies her boy's toothache."*